

## When I look in your eyes by hoppnhorn

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**Summary:**

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## When I look in your eyes

### Author's Note:

Prompt from [flippyspoon's Harringrove playing cards prompt challenge](#). I got 10 of Spades - Camera & Smut, 3 of Hearts - Nancy, King of Clubs - Hopper's Cabin. I incorporated Nancy very very little, hope that's not cheating ;) Love to my beta [@moderateslytherin](#) / [@mulletsanddishtowels](#)

He's not quite sure how this whole thing started. Billy had only been making the drive up to the cabin for a few weeks now, but it felt like the most natural thing for him to be doing on a Tuesday night in the middle of the fucking winter. The Camaro didn't handle as well as he'd like in the snow, but he made the journey like clockwork.

Because she had a thing about time.

"Three four five." He muttered to himself, looking at his watch for the sixth time since he'd left the house. He was running on time, but the wind was picking up and snow was getting thick ahead. "Fucking Indiana." Billy hissed. "I hate this goddamn state."

When he finally made it to the small clearing, he quickly wrapped a scarf around his face and pulled a hat down low on his head. If he was anywhere but in the middle of the literal hills, he wouldn't be caught dead wearing this getup. However, it was below freezing and he had a hike ahead of him.

His face was throbbing by the time he made it to the cabin, chapped from wind when he banged his fist into the door. It was quickly unlocked and he was grateful, ripping the thing open to leap inside.

"Holy shit." He hissed, pulling his mouth out from under his scarf, hot from his breath.

"Language, Billy."

Eleven was grinning at him from the sofa, her curly hair framing her

face in perfect little ringlets. He couldn't help but return the expression, his face aching from the cold.

"Don't you start that too." He replied, pulling the hat off his head. "I get enough of that shit from Harrington."

"Steve." She said with a big smile. "I like Steve." Billy snorted and crossed the room, reaching out to ruffle her curly hair.

"Yeah, everyone does." He said with a smile as he rounded the couch. When he went to sit down, he noticed a pile of Polaroid's splayed out on the cushions. "What's this?"

"Friends." Eleven proudly proclaimed, clearing a space for him to sit and look. He blew into his hands as he looked over at them all. There were pictures of the kids, which he recognized and found himself smirking at. They were making stupid faces, mostly. But there were a couple of Max mixed in, her arm around Lucas' neck. Billy couldn't help the anxious feeling that rose in his gut when he saw the look in her eyes.

"Who took these?" He asked, moving along to other photos. There were pictures of Will and Jonathan, the brothers laughing and horsing around. Then there was a picture of Joyce, her face scrunched in protest with her hand shielding half her face. A couple of Hopper, his expression ranging from irritated to elated.

Billy froze when he saw Steve in the pile.

Harrington's face was bright, cracked wide in a smile of glee. Nancy Wheeler sat beside him, pressing a kiss to his cheek.

Billy tried to hold down the jealousy that rose in his throat like bile. But he couldn't seem to look away. Steve was glowing in that grimy little Polaroid. Glowing while Nancy Wheeler kissed him.

A dark part of him suddenly hated them both. Hated himself for being second best to Nancy 'The Princess' Wheeler. He and Steve were, whatever they were; but Nancy would always be the one that got away.

"Billy." Eleven's voice startled his eyes away from the picture. Billy

didn't remember locking his jaw, but it ached when he spoke.

"Yeah?"

She simply cocked her head, asking him without a word. He shrugged a shoulder and leaned back on the sofa. It was weird, having someone who just *knew* him. Eleven had somehow crawled into his head, found the ugly, broken part of him, and somehow understood it all. She was the one person he didn't have to lie to, because there was nothing to hide. He *couldn't* hide.

"You're okay?" She asked, curling up closer on the sofa until she was snug against his side. He'd never admit that he loved this part of their visits because it made him feel weak somehow. Lifting his arm over her shoulders, he sunk into the beat up cushions.

"Yeah. I'm okay." They sat quietly, watching some kind of weird soap until he felt Eleven twitch and the channel changed.

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Billy got back into town a little after six, passing Hopper on the way down from the cabin. They weren't exactly pals, he and the Chief, but there was an understanding there. An understanding that comes from surviving hell with someone.

It was dark and icy when he arrived in Hawkins proper, but Billy didn't make the short trip back to the Hargrove house. He found himself navigating through the neighborhoods, the yards growing progressively larger, houses too, until it felt like he'd entered another zip code entirely.

He pulled up outside the Harrington house and stared at it, debating whether or not to park or drive by. A light came on in the second story window and Billy's foot wavered on the break. He didn't like coming to Steve when he was conflicted. He liked what they had, but he also liked to keep it simple. They were nice enough to each other at school, a little aggressive during basketball games, but friendly. In private, they couldn't keep their hands off each other. The sex was the best Billy had ever had and he'd had plenty before Steve Harrington. With girls and guys alike. Steve had them all beat, hands down.

Steve was giving in bed; he was needy, but also demanding and vocal about it. He had wicked stamina, living up the reputation of horny teenager. Billy loved fucking Steve and being fucked by Steve.

But Billy left it at that. Fucking. He didn't hold Steve's hand or spoon him in bed. In fact, most of their downtime was spent arguing over this or that. They'd argue basketball or music and movies. They'd argue about the shit on the news or the gossip going around the school.

Billy sat in his car, wanting nothing more than to pull away and go home for the night. He wanted to sleep off the stain of jealousy that had coated the inside of his chest.

The front door to the house opened and Steve appeared inside it, leaning in the frame with his arms crossed. Of course his parents weren't home. Billy almost wondered if Steve had popped out of the ground instead of a human woman. He drummed his fingers on the steering wheel of the Camaro, watching Steve's breath turn white in the cold air as the guy stood waiting.

Billy parked the car.

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They'd made it into the kitchen before Billy had gotten impatient and went after what he wanted. Steve didn't seem to mind. The tablecloth from the kitchen table was pooling around Billy's ankles as he pressed into Steve from behind. He liked when things got heated fast. He liked when they fucked with their clothes on, like neither of them had given a shit about getting undressed, too worked up to spare a moment. It made it feel more desperate somehow, more exciting.

There was the added bonus that his clothes always smelled like Steve afterwards. But Billy didn't dwell on that aspect too much.

Steve was taking it like a pro, like he always did, pushing back against Billy like the eager lover he was. It made Billy feel like a god. The sounds the guy made were the best kind of endorsement, better than any kind of verbal praise. Except for the cursing. Billy *really liked* making Steve curse. Anything more severe than 'shit' sounded so harsh from Steve -the golden boy- Harrington's lips. So Billy made

him say a lot worse. Often. His voice would get so rough it sounded hoarse and Billy would get so hard he felt like he was made of granite. He could screw Steve like that for hours, marking up his back and hips with his teeth and nails. Billy could be impulsive and greedy and Steve would only cry out for more.

Billy pounded out a release after almost an hour, exhausted and shaking as Steve shuddered with ecstasy around him. The second his legs worked again, he was being led away from the scandalously large windows on the first floor and upstairs to Steve's room. That was the difference between Billy and Steve. Billy would fuck Steve on any surface in the place. Steve always took Billy to bed. Always.

He got Billy naked and worked up, which had them both panting again, and then Steve slowly filled him. Flat on his back, Billy looked up and watched the expression on Steve's face, relished the pleasure that rippled through his pretty features. It was agony and absolute perfection. When their eyes met, Billy wanted to say something, anything, but he kept his mouth shut. All he could think of was the smile on Steve's face when Nancy Wheeler had been kissing his cheek. The way Steve had looked so *happy*.

"Hey." Steve whispered, leaning down until their hearts were pressed together. Skin to skin and scalding. "Where'd you go?"

"Just fuckin' move, Harrington." Billy ground out, rolling his hips up to thrust Steve further. The resulting hiss of pleasure rocked them both, but Steve's eyes didn't stray. He stared. And stared.

Billy lifted his head to seal their lips in a kiss and his gut swirled with fear. Wrapping his arms around Steve's chest, he held him close, thighs locked around the guy's hips. Steve kissed him back with such soft, tender touches of his mouth that Billy wanted to pull away. This wasn't why he'd shown up in the middle of the evening. This wasn't what they did. They didn't kiss and simply *hold* each other.

They didn't make love.

But Steve proceeded to do just that.

With deep, lazy sweeps of his hips, he stroked Billy from the inside,

pulling breathy moans from parted lips. Steve kissed and nuzzled and licked up and down the column of Billy's throat. Steve worshiped every inch of him, cupping Billy's jaw to keep their eyes connected. All the while, he pushed Billy to the edge of bliss but never over it. He kept them suspended, drowning in sensation until Billy was burning.

"Please." That was all he needed to say because that was all it took. Steve grasped Billy in a palm and finished him easily with a few rubs of his hand, the two of them coming in tandem with delighted moans.

After, Billy let Steve hold him.

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The weather was better the next week, the landscape nestled in a blanket of snow as Billy hiked his way through the trees. The cabin seemed less mysterious and remote when it was glittering with fresh powder. Billy could almost imagine calling the place pretty.

When he knocked on the door, he was pleasantly surprised when Eleven herself whipped it open. She let him in with an eager smile.

"Did you bring them?" She was practically bouncing behind him as he walked to the sofa, laughing under his breath.

"Yeah, got 'em right here." Out of a book bag he produced five books, the limit from the library. He got some strange looks from the librarian when he checked out things like "Superfudge", but he'd stopped giving a shit a long time ago.

"Judy Blume." Eleven marveled at the colorful covers. "Thank you."

"Sure." Billy shrugged. They sat on the couch, saying nothing as the stove in the corner warmed Billy to the bone. Sometimes Eleven read to him, stumbling less and less now as she improved. Today, she seemed fixated on Billy, eyes sparkling.

He tried to be casual when he pulled the photo out from his pocket.

"Brought you this too." He murmured, dropping the single Polaroid into her lap. She touched the thing with delicate fingers, as if it were

made of tissue paper.

“Steve.” She said his name with a small laugh. Billy returned the soft chuckle and looked away, stomach fluttering. He’d taken the picture earlier at school, catching Steve sitting on the hood of his car. When the guy had noticed Billy aiming the camera at him, he’d moved to dodge the photo, but had been too slow. The result was a semi-blurry image of Steve smiling, eyes fixed on Billy out of frame.

“You like Steve.” Eleven said softly. Billy leaned back on the sofa and draped his arm along the back.

“Yeah. I do.”

**Author's Note:**

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